



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 11. No. 8. 1st October, 1938.



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY

Established 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club
157 Elizabeth Street
Sydney*

Vol. 11.

OCTOBER 1, 1938.

No. 8.

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•
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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 31st December, 1938 and Monday, 2nd January, 1939.

The Club Man's Diary

Tattersall's Club's September Race Meeting is a Spring outing in seasonal setting. Nature, and Human Nature, flaunt a new raiment. Flowers and femininity sprout in colourful headgear and take on a fresh sparkle. There are those strange, symptomatic urgings and stirrings that inspire poets with subjects other than long-sleeves.

Greeting the Minister for Transport, en route to the official stand, I say: "Well, Colonel, and what are the prospects?"

"Not that I care," he answers. "After a luncheon, such as we have had, the world looks good."

"And for the good things in terms of horseflesh—what?"

Colonel Bruxner smiles, and I understand: "One good thing at a time." So to it.

I had been communing with my dear old friend of many race meetings, Mr. W. T. Kerr. Oration is the logical suggestion. Perhaps the tote for a place? Mr. Kerr answers: "Oration ran six seconds for Percy Miller before I bought the horse; since when he has run three seconds and a third for me."

We let it go at that, but not before I have told Mr. Kerr of an Alf. Vincent sketch in "The Bulletin," many years ago. Apple Pie, which had run more seconds in big races than Silver Standard, had repeated the performance when favourite. Alf. Vincent sketched a crowd in a restaurant scowling as a waitress shouted down the chute to the pantry: "Apple Pie, one!" Mr. Kerr recalls the sketch. "Those days," he reminisces, "were great days of great fellows, Bill."

"Perhaps it was that we were so many years younger," I suggest.

"Maybe, maybe, but look at the world to-day with all its changes and what we call progress. I'd give something for a return of those old days and those fellows," he answers. Then: "It's a pleasure to have a trainer like Peter Riddle."

We might have gone on, but the saddling bell was ringing, seeming to remind us: "Time, gentlemen please."

Greg. Keighery passes, a fellow of sunshine, to be sure, if ever there were one. On a day of such sunshine we had been together at Rooty Hill with Mr. Victor Foy and Mr. H. V. Macken. Luncheon under the trees, a few drinks as a tribute to companionships, and a great day's coursing.

Mr. S. S. Crick had given me Mosaic previously, and I had said "Thanks for the Memory," but I ran off the rails in the Tramway.

There was a little French lass in our party at one Randwick meeting. She was eager to speak in the vernacular. In a moment of silence, while the field was at the back of the course, she cried: "What ees that on ze railways?"

Congratulations: The Hon. the Speaker (Mr. Weaver) and Sir Victor Wilson . . . the Lord Mayor (Ald. Nock), and Mr. Bert Jolley. . . "Mr. Constable," Mr. E. L. Bailieu and Mr. A. W. Thompson.

Sat one race out with Mr. Ernest Farrar, M.L.C., Acting-President of the Legislative Council, in the absence abroad of Sir John Peden. The full-bottomed wig that Mr. Farrar wears when the Council is sitting was that worn by his former friend and political ally, the late Mr. W. A. Holman, K.C., and it was placed at his disposal by Mrs. Holman—a graceful gesture.

In other years, when I was shy about a point of parliamentary procedure, my first thought was to 'phone Mr. Farrar. At holding a political meeting together he has no peer. A little smile and a little guile, I tell Ernie.

I broach Greater Sydney to the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor (Ald. Nock), but he parries delightfully by mentioning a "greater necessity" at the moment, opening his race book. Norman, do you recall those world-shaking lunch-hour discussions at Table No. 11, in other days?

Somebody notes the chairman consulting a while with his daughter, says he would like to be put

wise as to the fancy for that race, adding: "There's gold in them thar Hills."

Mr. H. C. Bartley rushes past with a quick salutation. I mean to remind him of a date for a drink at the Press Club as my guest—but it will keep.

Good-afternoon, Mr. Tom Watson. You've gained a little weight since the days when the late Frank Wilkinson used to tell me you rode 'em bareback over the sticks and slogged a ball out of Sydney Cricket Ground. Remember the day you, on a pony, chased a runaway on a Sydney course and brought it back to the barrier? Or does my memory fail me? In any case, we of the Press bear you in fond memory. You were courteous and helpful, always.

Mr. Richard Wootton passes. Someone says: "The remarkable thing about Dick is that he never seems to grow older."

Mr. Justice Nicholas is there—considering his verdict.

Mr. Bill Dovey, K.C., is called to the bar.

Mr. Bunny Nagel tells friends that he has just returned from the western country; says there is no life like it, and displays a pair of brown hands in proof thereof. I mention a departed uncle of mine, known to Mr. Nagel in Queensland many years ago. He says: "I remember a woman, whom he knew to be in want, coming into one of his shops. She had a big basket, but could afford only a modest purchase. Your uncle said to the attendant: 'You should know that I never take money from poor persons. Fill up her basket!'"

I tell that story because it typifies the spirit evidenced so many times among the members of this club. Only the other day I overheard a member say to another: "Put me down for —, and if more is needed, come back."

The worst joke of the whole meeting: "I had it going on the tote, but it couldn't toe't with the placed horses."

October birthdays: Messrs. L. C. Wicks, 4th; James Hackett, senr., 11th; E. R. Deveridge, 21st; T. B. Tartakover, 22nd; W. H. Cawsey and Capt. J. Bartlett, 31st.

October brings the summer and warm greeting;

*And be it any day from 4th to 31st—
Whichever day may bring about our meeting,*

We trust you won't be failing in your thirst!

* * *

Although Mr. George Chiene missed the club's meeting through illness, I hope to greet him among the Epsom-Metrop. crowds. We will not swop quotations, as occasionally we do in club, for that might lead to swopping of horses. There's a time for everything, and everything in its place—let's hope our best bet will run a place!

* * *

Sir John McKelvey's many friends have been concerned about the grave condition of his health, but it would appear at this time of writing that he had come through the shadow and was facing again the sunshine.

* * *

Mr. J. H. O'Dea's health has not been of the best of late, and this is a message from many club well-wishers to express their constant interest in his welfare, and to hope that very soon again they will be greeting him in the club.

* * *

The reference to Mr. J. B. Dowling, in the previous issue, should have been to him as chairman of the Rosebery (not Rosehill) Racing Club.

The passing of Mr. P. O. Jones was tragically sudden. He was discussing with friends on the course the prospects of runners in the Rosehill Guineas when he collapsed and died. He was a member of the committee of the Rosehill Racing Club, and had been for many years prominent in racing. As "P. Fairie"



Mr. P. O. Jones.

his colours were carried by Lausanne and The Athenian, among a number of horses. The late Mr. Jones was a member of the legal firm of Asher, Old and Jones. Everybody liked him for his quiet charm of manner. In every sense he was a true friend.

We also lost by death two other esteemed members—Messrs. F. T. Eastment and S. H. Brady. To those near and dear we offer an ex-

pression of our sincere sorrow. Each was only 55, in the mental prime of life.

* * *

A glance over old racing records discloses apt names bestowed on horses. Away back in the early days at Camden a Mr. H. Byrne won the Hack Stakes with Do It Again. He was evidently one of the useful sort. On the second day he was successful in the Farmers' Purse of £10, heats once round.

After winning his heats, Do It Again was harnessed up, put in a dray, in which was placed a ton load, which he drew round the course, amid the cheers of the on-lookers.

In past years a horse named The Barber was brought down from the New England district specially to run in the Autumn Handicap at the Hawkesbury meeting. His connections put up at the old Black Horse hotel, and sent The Barber for a trial on the Clarendon track which convinced them that it was a case of "put in and take out."

As showing the care of old-time trainers, when the horse was brought back to the stables they rinsed a bucket six time before allowing him to drink from it. As the water had to be hauled up by a windlass from a well in the yard, those precautionary measures meant expenditure of a great effort on what was a torrid day.

But The Barber—a son of The Barb—repaid his connections for their care by landing the race and a nice return in prize money and bets. The lad who was in charge of The Barber was Harry England, who became a leading Randwick trainer.

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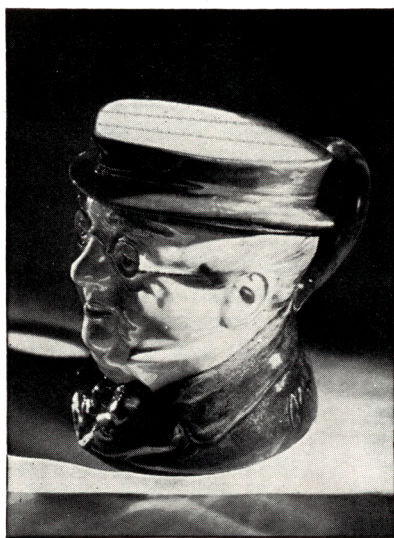
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Rural Members

Mr. Allen McArthur, of Armidale.

Allen McArthur, of Armidale, is in the Stock and Station business. It would be quite wrong to say "more's the pity," but had Allen, in his early days, decided to be a medico, one can only write that it would have been a pleasure to get sick and thus secure legitimate excuse to have his cheery word of welcome. He is the "Receptionist De Luxe."

They will tell you round Armidale way that wherever Allen McArthur's hat might be, represents his home, and he makes all his contacts feel that way, too.

Should there be a meeting of farmers and graziers listed to Sydney, Allen can be relied on to board the first train or get into his car so that he can lend any aid necessary. Once having arrived at the meeting place, he greets all and sundry. That is now almost ritual at such gatherings.

When not overburdened with work, Allen "amuses" himself as secretary of the Armidale Show Society, and the annual event reflects his energy and sincerity of purpose. He never lets up and he never loses the inborn blessing of an eternal

cheery disposition. Day after day is smiled away the McArthur way, and a miniature war would be declared if any local charitable organisation were founded without Allen well in the van. There is another side, too. Possessing a keen eye for a good horse, Allen's well known figure will be seen at every Picnic Race Meeting within striking distance, and as Randwick is only three hundred and sixty miles from Armidale, the N.S.W. classics are graced by his presence. After all the foregoing have been attended, the rest of his time is his own!

Mr. James Ledgerwood, of Ganmain.

Go anywhere within a hundred miles or so of Ganmain, just mention the name of J. Ledgerwood, and your hearer will immediately reply with "Oh, you mean Jimmy!" In a district rich in production power, Jimmy Ledgerwood, of Ganmain, is regarded from the highest to the lowest, in great esteem. His decisions on all matters are accepted as being right on the mark, and many a man on the land to-day can tell of how, by following "Jimmy's"

advice in the early stages of his career, he can now sit back in comfort.

A born Stock and Station authority, it is a case of "refer this to Jimmy" when matters of serious import arise these days. Hence, during the recent drought period, the same Jimmy despatched, hither and thither, fodder to the value of £46,000 to keep palpably dying stock on four feet.

These days, the Ledgerwood interests are not confined to Ganmain. There are the associate businesses in Sydney and Griffith.

Away from business pursuits, James occupies his time on either of his two farm properties or among his horses. Keenly interested in turf matters, his cheery countenance will be seen at all race meetings of importance. Likewise, if there be any movement on foot with the object of bettering the lot of those less fortunately situated, J. Ledgerwood, of Ganmain, will be among those at the helm, where his moral and weighty support shine as an example to his fellows. What more could be desired?

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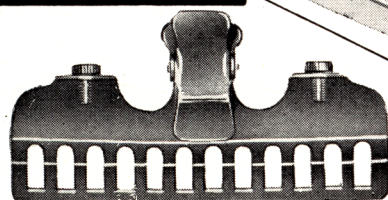
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For Better Health

"Snowy" Baker in America

A mad scuffle for the ball during a heated polo match at Riviera Country Club. Mallets flying, horses wheeling. Suddenly the ball squirts out of the milling group and rolls toward the sideboards. Quick as a flash a stocky figure on a panting pony tears after it. Deliberate aim, a powerful smash and Snowy Baker sends the willow sphere far up the field for a perfect "save" (writes Merret Hutchison in an American newspaper).

A thrilling moment, but as far as Snowy's concerned you can multiply it many fold per game, week in and week out, month after month.

Funny thing about Snowy's playing, too. He never knew what it was to engage in one of those mad skirmishes until some seven years ago, when he took his first lesson from Capt. Gilbert Proctor. Now he's rated the cagiest defensive club player on the Coast.

His mastery of the he-man turf game though, is typical of the great Australian sportsman who, at various times, held the lightweight, welterweight, middle and heavy-weight amateur boxing titles of the Antipodes.

Snowy was born some fifty years ago in Australia. His mother and three brothers still live in Sydney, while another brother, Frank Baker, resides in Hollywood. Was educated as an engineer and draftsman, but gave up both professions for athletics. Is happily married and has a daughter. Needless to say, she's an expert horsewoman.

From 1911 to 1914 Snowy owned and controlled five stadiums in the principal cities of Australia, where he promoted some of the greatest fights ever held in the country. He still owns a half-share in Stadiums Ltd.

Don't think they've forgotten Snowy "down under." According to W. W. Hill, chairman of Tattersall's Club, head of the N.S.W. Rugby Union and former secretary of the Olympic Council, Snowy is "the best all-around sportsman Aus-

tralia has ever produced. As a boxer he was in the world class; he represented the State in the Rugby Union and was a champion swimmer, oarsman, water polo player, diver and horseman."

We might add, just for the ducks of it, that Snowy is an expert with the foils and singles sticks, shoots a better-than-average game of golf, and is right at home in refereeing prizefights.

They still tell about the way he handled the bout between the late



Willy Stribling and Johnny Freeman in Sydney. It was a positively brilliant exhibition as to how a fight should be handled. Only once, during the entire fifteen rounds, did he place his hands on the boxers to pull them apart.

More important than even his accomplishments, though, is the man himself. One look at his ruddy face and infectious smile and no one has to say "here is a real man." You know it.

In 1930 Frank Garbutt engaged Snowy to supervise the construction of a polo field and stables at Riviera in preparation for the 1932 Olympic

equestrian events. Polo started that same year at the club, and has continued, under his management, ever since.

There must be something to this "good condition" business. A couple of weeks ago Snowy played at back for his own team, the Blues, in a spirited six-chukker game. Coming off the field wet and hot he mounted his pet hunter, Anchorage, and defeated Col. Campbell Besley in a gruelling two-mile steeplechase.

Enough? Not so you could notice it. His good friend Johnny Brandeis needed a fourth for the final game of the day, so Snowy, picking up his trusty mallet, tore up and down the field for another six chukkers.

Twelve rounds of polo and a two-mile steeplechase in one afternoon! And they still say that "life begins at 40."

According to Snowy, life begins on a horse.

The Price of War

The World War, all told, cost—apart from 30 million lives—80 billion pounds. With that money we could have built a £500 house, furnished it with £200 worth of furniture, placed it on five acres of land worth £20 an acre, and given this home to each and every family in England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, Australia, France, Belgium, Germany, the United States and Russia. We could have given to each city of 20,000 inhabitants and over, in each country named, a million pounds library and a two million pounds university. Out of what was left we could have set aside a sum at five per cent. that would provide a £200 yearly salary for an army of 125,000 teachers and a like salary for another army of 125,000 nurses.

—"Readers' Digest."

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“Little Poker Face”

There has been a great to-do in the newspapers about Helen Wills Moody and Helen Jacobs, and in most of the stories the former has been identified as “Little Miss Poker Face.” Each time the sobriquet has been used I have secured a vicarious thrill, for in a career singularly undistinguished I hung the “Poker Face” tag on Helen Wills (writes Ed. Sullivan, American commentator on sport).

You will never know how much satisfaction that has given me down the years. Once I won £100 in a crap game and the spiritual thrill of that accomplishment was something similar but not so enduring, because two nights later, fancying myself still possessed of the magic touch, I went back and lost the £100. The “Poker Face” Nickname, however, has stuck down through the years.

It is positively revolting how little interest has been displayed in the tennis baptism at which I presided. Time and again, in large parties, I've deliberately steered the conversation to tennis to provide the opening through which I could glide with the nonchalant recollection of the day at Forest Hills when the nickname came to life.

The best response has been “is that so?” or “how very interesting.” So inasmuch as nobody is interested in hearing the story, I'll tell it boldly and immodestly. And believe me, I'm the guy to do it.

Helen Wills became “Little Miss Poker Face” because at the old Madison Square Garden one night Luis Firpo knocked out Bill Brennan in the twelfth round of a fight that was scheduled to go fifteen rounds. There does not seem to be much relation between the crowning of Brennan and the baptism of Miss Wills, but actually the two are closer than a photo finish. Let me explain.

Your reporter, then a sports writer, sitting at the ringside of the Firpo-Brennan fight on the night of March 12, 1923, and observing the sudden striking down of Brennan in the 12th heat, concluded that the fight was what the boys could call

a “barney,” a fake. We said so in the following day's editions of the Evening Mail, screamed it to the world, or to that part of the world which the p.m. circulation of 187,000 reached.

The editors patted all of us on the back for fearless journalism. The owner of the paper, Henry Stoddard, mumbled something about an immediate raise. An hour after the editions appeared, and before Mr. Stoddard could get to the cashier and tell him to add some weight to the weekly envelope, a bulletin came over the city news machines: “Bill Brennan rushed to hospital with concussion of the brain.”

“That's a fake, too,” I told the editors, but a sudden chill had come over them, and though I hit it, a sudden chill had settled firmly in the pit of the stomach. To call a fight a fake and then have one of the contestants taken to the hospital with reported concussion of the brain!!

From the seclusion of his hospital room, Brennan roared threats of legal steps to be taken when he had recovered. Just then the rival New York Globe collapsed. The Evening Mail quickly hired Walter St. Denis from that paper, and St. Denis persuaded Brennan to forget it, cooing blandishments or threats into Bill's caulflowered ears.

For some months your reporter wandered about the office wearily. What had been editorial bravery might easily have led to discharge, but Mr. Stoddard held off. “If I could only get a big scoop, or something,” your harried hired man said to himself, “this would be absolute for my libellous sins.” St. Denis assigned me to cover Forest Hills, and now perhaps you understand why I say that Helen Wills became “Little Miss Poker Face” because Firpo knocked out Brennan in the twelfth round at old Madison Square Garden.

A. Wallis Meyers, of England, was then No. 1 tennis authority of the world. I'd met him a year earlier when Miss Wills had come out of the west with pigtailed down her back,

so now meeting him again at Forest Hills I asked Meyers if he had noticed much improvement in the coast youngster. He had.

“What would you say was her greatest competitive asset?” I asked. He reflected long and deeply before saying: “She has good ground strokes, she's fair overhead, good footwork in deep court. Her greatest asset, however, is her inscrutability of countenance.”

Mindful of the Broadwayites who would read the story, and not wishing to force them to go all the way from Lindy's to the public library, in penning the interview, I broke down Meyers' “inscrutable countenance” into the vernacular of the card game. So Helen Wills became “Miss Poker Face.”

The nickname caught on like wildfire for two reasons, I think. The imagination of the country already had been exercised by the amazing little girl from the coast (that was fifteen years ago). Secondly, the idea of a little girl so grave that she had a poker face, painted so droll and ludicrous a picture that the nickname fed on what it conjured up.

That's the story and I will tell it next to St. Peter at the golden gate as a plea for admission, and he will probably show me the original inscrutable countenance.

Nearly four centuries back a youth of seventeen forgot to say his prayers. He was in Pisa Cathedral and stared idly about while other heads were bowed. His eyes fell on a lamp set swinging by a draught. He noted that whatever the range of oscillations the time of journey remained practically the same. This lad was a thinker. Just sixty years later, although then blind, he mechanised the swaying lamp movement by inventing the pendulum for clock regulation. Now when we note the time by a pendulum-driven timepiece we can thank that lad for his observance. His name was Galileo.

Many Called—Few Chosen

Derby Hopes at Randwick



From an entry of four hundred and thirty-nine the Australian Jockey Club will be fortunate if it provides eight starters for its £5000 Derby at Randwick.

Could there be any greater emphasis of the luck in breeding or purchasing thoroughbred yearlings?

This year's field is regarded at present as inferior to the general average class of the first three-year-old classic of the season, but it might be found as time goes on that the colts concerned are of a better standard than some their detractors would have us believe.

Prospects are that once again no filly is deemed good enough to run against the colts in the first real three-year-old test. It is many years since a filly has been good enough to down her opponents of the opposite sex and we have to go back to Picture in 1898 to find a filly triumphing over the colts.

It is singular that the eight likely starters represent eight different sires, with the inevitable New Zealander, Limulet, although that colt now is owned and trained in Sydney and has had all his racing inside the Commonwealth. For all that, providing he runs well, even if he does not win, advocates of the Dominion as a breeding ground will take full credit for the production of this promising young horse.

Nuffield, on two-year-old form, stands out boldly in the field, and he will be asked to contest his first three-year-old race in an event as important as the A.J.C. Derby. Nuffield has had an interesting career and, as his name suggests, it was the result of a close friendship between his owner, Mr. C. B. Kel-low, and the well-known motor car magnate of Great Britain. From his earliest days Nuffield did not let down Lord Nuffield, and has proved the possessor of full speed and galloping ability. In his later two-

year-old races he indicated that he was the probable Derby colt, for he was running on over the increased distances.

Unfortunately in his stable he developed some peculiar habits and became a source of great worry to his trainer, Mr. J. Holt, for during



Nuffield.

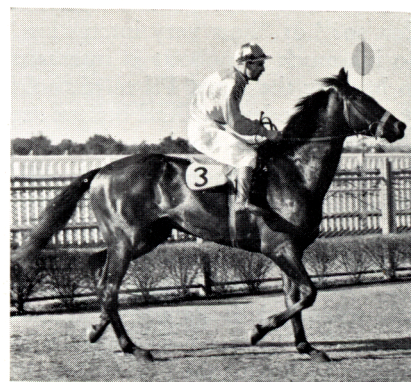
the winter he kicked one box to pieces and, when the necessity arose of housing him again, he was given a special structure, lined with rubber and with a canopy of strong wire-netting to prevent him from rearing.

His extraordinary behaviour was a direct result of his trainer's inability to give him a race in Sydney prior to the Derby, for when tied up in his box he managed to get one foreleg over the rope and scored it to such a degree that for a day or two his starting at Randwick was in the balance.

Expert veterinary attention, however, provided relief, and it was fortunate that, prior to coming to Sydney, Nuffield had been galloped and well trained, as is usual with Holt's horses. Close observers of the colt after his training gallops have been satisfied that he is little,

if anything, short of the necessary racing condition to win the Derby. In the language of the turf, after his first serious test on the training track subsequent to his mishap, he would not have blown a match out. Nuffield, providing he wins, will take the major prize to Victoria, and credit another important race to that remarkably successful sire, Heroic.

Apart from Nuffield, there are differences of opinion concerning the merits of Limulet, Respirator and Aeolus, but on actual performances Aeolus has to be given the most credit. At least he has won two of the three three-year-old tests so far decided and was a creditable second in the third. Aeolus, now technically also is a Melbourne representative, although trained at Randwick by his former owner, Mr. Peter Riddle, for the Messrs. Gove, of Melbourne. Aeolus represents a new sire with a possibility of being represented by a classic winner, in Baralong. Hitherto the Baralong horses have been very useful, but



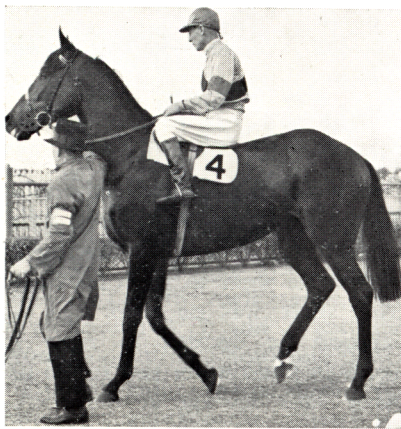
Limulet.

have not reached quite the top of the class.

Aeolus won the Hobartville Stakes and Rosehill Guineas by his possession of staying ability, and if he was beaten by Respirator in the Canterbury Guineas it was nothing

to his discredit. He fought on well and it is certain that he will not be troubled by the mile and a half on Derby Day.

Respirator was bred in Victoria, and is a remarkable representative of Windbag, in that he promises well as a stayer, whereas Windbag's two best performers so far, Chatham and Winooka, were of the highest class up to and including a mile. Respirator is trained by Mr. J. T. Jamieson for Messrs. G. and H. Tancred. Respirator probably would have been second favourite to Nuffield had he not blotted his record in the Rosehill Guineas, in which he was overshadowed by Ae-



Respirator.

lus and Limulet. Without apparent excuse, Respirator ran badly, but in extenuation it must be said that he was not suited by the muddling manner in which the race was run. Providing there is some pace on from the start of the Derby, Respirator might be able to retrieve his good name.

Limulet, trained by Mr. Bailey Payten for Dr. C. Nigel Smith, came out of the Rosehill Guineas with the utmost credit. Last season he showed great promise, running on in races after beginning slowly, and this year commenced well by winning among the novices at Warwick Farm. He has earned his step up to the Derby level and is certain to perform really well. He will not be the first son of Limond to win the Blue Ribbon at Randwick, his predecessors being Ammon Ra and Theo.

Petruchio (by Bullhead) is the

speedster of the Derby field, with some doubt whether he will run out the journey to the bitter end. In a trial recently, however, on the difficult Rosebery course, he finished on in his mile and a quarter gallop surprisingly well, and the uphill finish on that suburban track is no mean test at any time. Petruchio is Mr. George Price's representative and will carry the colours of his joint owners, Mrs. S. Ritchie and Mr. H. V. Cooper.

Sir Harold is still another Victorian, his sire, Burnewang, being practically unknown in this State. Sir Harold will represent Mr. W. Burke's stable and will go to the post an extremely fit horse. It can be said with safety that he has had a real old-fashioned preparation and has been trained to run every inch of the journey. On his Victorian form, however, it would be difficult to place him in the same class as Nuffield.

Bucolic will carry the well-known colours of the A.J.C. committee-man, Mr. Hunter White, whose action in being represented in the Derby is to be commended. On past performances Bucolic represents a forlorn hope and will have to improve many degrees to have any prospects of success. Mr. White, however, as one of the best patrons of racing, obviously has decided that it is due to him to have a runner in the Derby if at all possible, and his colt is by his own sire, Buoyant Bachelor.

Telephone receivers, buttons and many other things manufactured by modern plastics probably would not have happened but for a very naughty cat. In 1906, Dr. Leo Baekeland left his pet in his laboratory. Jumping from a shelf, puss knocked a bottle of formaldehyde over some cheese set in a mousetrap. Next morning the doctor discovered a hard, glossy substance. The world then first learned of casein.

Do You 'Swing'?

There is a vast army of mental murderers, which we call without apology "the swing it gang." There is no such thing as a soothing, measured movement in their lives. They want to swing almost everything they can lay their hands to, their dancing, their singing, their omelettes and especially their music (writes an American critic).

It wouldn't be so bad if they stayed in their own back yards in composing wild forms of melody. Their style is a strictly barbaric sort of thing which keeps assailing the eardrums with the larum of tom-toms, or keeps banging away at the tympanic gland much like the dropping of water on a man's forehead in the ancient Oriental torture which eventually drove the victim mad.

For instance, the swing it crowd has seized upon such gems as "Loch Lomond" and "Martha." They literally massacre these old songs by throwing in extra beats and racing tempos amid a cacophony of squeaks, squeals and groans which produces a disastrous effect upon the lover of real music. It tantalises him, pursues him, wakes him up in the middle of the night, sends him rushing violently from radio and theatrical performances. To him a symphony of Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, or Caesar Frank comes like a blessed anaesthesia to musical nerves which are taut to the breaking point.

Perhaps swing will have to run its course like all plagues, the flu, the seven year itch, or the contagious Charleston. In the meantime we shall have to suffer in the hope that it does not hound our footsteps or our eardrums too frequently or too consistently.



GOLF FACTS NOT THEORIES!

(By Alex. J. Morrison.)

Every so often a player will swing his right hand and arm in the movements they should make during a regular swing. He does this to get a feeling of smoothness which he probably missed in his last swing.

If anything, this practice prevents the smoothness he seeks.

It isn't a question of how smooth a single arm or hand moves, it's entirely a matter of how well both arms and hands work together. As the left side is invariably the one to be neglected, it's better to practice the movements of this side if you feel like swinging just one arm. But, you should remember that the success of your swing depends mainly on how well both hands work together.

Swing both of them always for the best results.

"Horses for Courses"

"Horses for courses," the fellow said.

(I dunno his name, but they called him Ned).

And this is the tale he told to me On Randwick course underneath a tree:

"I know their records wherever they ran.

I've clocked 'em all on the grass and the tan.

Don't let folk bluff you by times, sree

'Horses for courses' will do for me.

"Some do best when running to right.

Some train big while others train light.

Some run sweet for a certain rider, And seldom fail as a rank outsider.

"Some won't race in a bunched-up field—

They need the room and a bit to yield

When rounding the turn with the pace a cracker,

And the heart beats fast of every backer.

"There are also the mudlarks good and true.

On a holding track the better they do.

Some like it hard as a concrete pitch—

The point is to know 'em, which from which.

"'Horses for courses,' Ned knows best.

Get that down and forget the rest. Weight doesn't matter and times won't serve—

'Horses for courses,' you take my word."

And this is the tale I tell to you— 'Tis a tale you may trust as good and true

One day old Ned had the programme picked—

All of 'em certs that couldn't be licked.

"It doesn't matter what odds they shout,

You an' me," he mumbled, "will take it out."

But I missed him there in the passing throng;

Picked all on my own and couldn't go wrong

From my taxi-cab with a yellow dome

I picked Ned, too—he was walking home!

—The Club Man.

In a London research laboratory, Arthur Cattermole had been working on zinc ores. On leaving his labours he went to wash his hands. Alas, there was no soap. In desperation he decided to rinse his hands in plain water and found tiny black balls settling at the bottom of the basin. Those globules were almost pure zinc sulphide and a new method of zinc recovery had been discovered. The method was tried out at Broken Hill (Aust.) and was highly successful except financially. Then it was tried with copper and down toppled the price of the metal to a tenth of its previous value. Now millions of miles of copper wire are doing service which sheer cost prevented previously.

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BEDROOM RATES

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Inner Room with Bath, including breakfast 10/6 per day

Remainder of Rooms, including breakfast 8/- per day

Pool Splashes

The Club will commence the 1938-39 season on Thursday, October 14th, with the usual 40 yards dash.

John Gunton will again officiate as Handicapper, and this astute official has earned the regard of all members by his uncanny working of close finishes.

All old members are asked to be on deck for the first race, and the Club will welcome as many new ones as come along.

Intending members should swim time trials a few days before competing, to give the Handicapper a line on their pace.

Heats of races are held every Thursday at 1.15 p.m., and finals at the same time on the following Tuesday.

For each four events a point score is conducted, with a trophy for the winners. Points are given as follow:—Two for each starter, with an additional 3, 2 and 1 for first second and third in heats and finals.

Then all points gained during the season go towards the contest for the "Dewar" Cup, the big event of the Club's season. A replica of this valuable trophy is presented to the competitor who scores most points during the season, and absolute possession of the Cup may be won by

a competitor who wins the yearly contests twice in succession or three times in all.

The more the merrier is the motto of the Swimming Club, which will warmly welcome new members

IMPORTANT.

The Athletic Department will be reserved for the use of members only between the hours of 12 noon and 2 p.m., and after 5 p.m. The privilege previously enjoyed by members of inviting non-members during the hours aforementioned is now discontinued.

Members' sons under the age of 21 will be allowed the use of the Pool between the hours of 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. Mondays to Fridays inclusive, and from 10 a.m. to 12 noon on Saturdays, provided they are accompanied by their fathers or prior arrangements have been made for their attendance.

and guarantee them grand sport in an atmosphere of friendly but keen rivalry.

LOOKING AFTER PUBLIC SAFETY.

Great Work of Life Saving Bodies—Swimming Association to Teach Public to Swim.

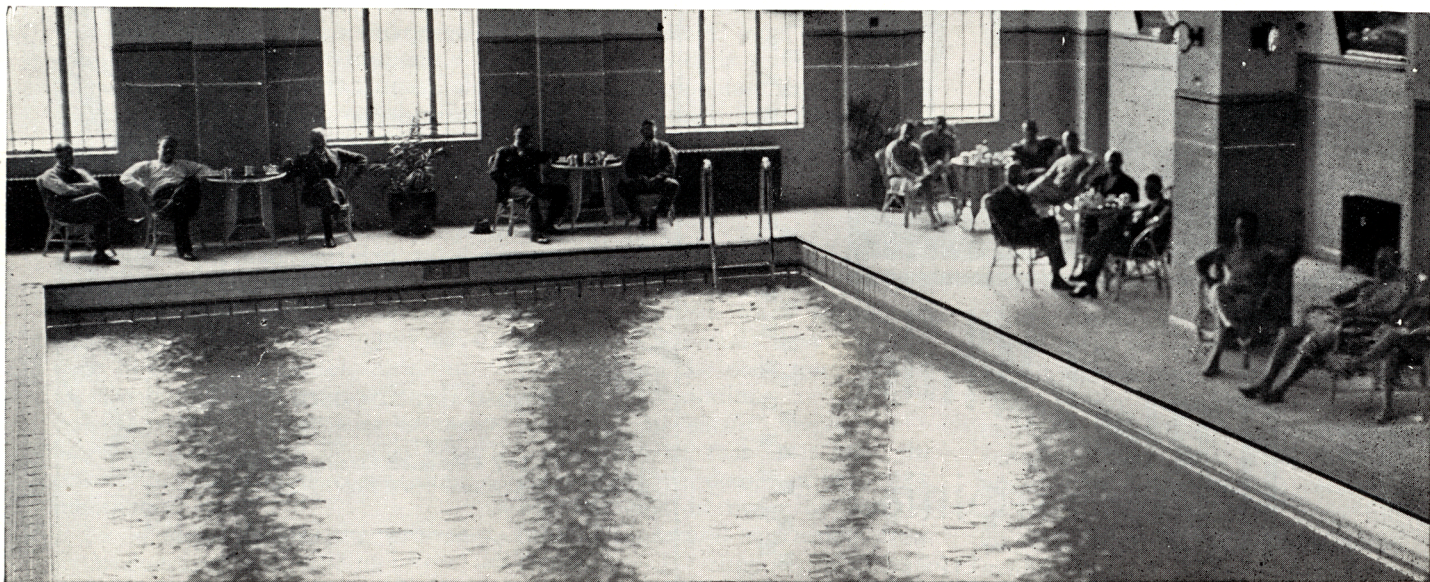
Australia has much to be proud about in its possession of voluntary bodies whose members are willing to patrol beaches and other bathing spots in order to safeguard the public from drowning, oft-times at the risk of their own lives.

The Surf Bathing Association and the Royal Life Saving Society, each in its own particular sphere, do wonderful work and have saved thousands of valuable lives in the past decade alone.

To overseas visitors it is often an amazing thing that these splendid men willingly perform their hazardous duties in their own time, and also pay for the privilege of doing so, in club fees, etc.

Those overseas people realise the cost of safeguarding watering places if volunteers were not willing to do the job for nothing, yet, perhaps because the prophet has no honour in his own country, life-savers are often not taken at their true value by local authorities.

Petty, pin-pricking imposition of rules and regulations must often make the life-savers wonder if the



The Club Swimming Pool.

game is worth the candle. Still they carry on, and it would be impossible to find a beach on the coast without some sort of voluntary organisation ready to carry on work which would cost thousands to shire and other councils if they were not available.

Yet we note one Council which controls a large number of beaches proposing to charge fairly stiff rents to clubs for their club houses. This might easily put some of the smaller clubs out of action, and it is to be hoped that further consideration of the position will modify it.

Swimming and surfing are so much parts of the national life and well-being of Australians that nothing should be done to in any way lessen the safety of participants.

One of the best things done during the past few months was the reconciliation of the Surf Association and the Royal Life Saving Society. For a number of years these two great humanitarian bodies were at loggerheads, but it is understood that all differences have been

smoothed over and the two will work as one under a joint committee.

That is a great thing, and another thing of even greater import that ushers in the 1938-39 season is the comprehensive scheme put forward by the N.S.W. Amateur Swimming Association under which it guarantees to teach the public to swim.

Naturally in Australia, with its wonderful swimming facilities, the percentage of population able to swim is probably much higher than in any other country in the world, but it is still surprising to find the number of people who cannot swim.

Realising this, the N.S.W. Swimming Association has now set out to fulfil the primary object of its constitution—to teach swimming.

Hitherto it must be said that the Association has existed mainly for racing, but from this season onwards the teaching of swimming is to be its big job, and it will definitely line up with the Surf Association and Royal Life Saving Society in humanitarian work.

It is now obligatory on all clubs

to teach swimming to every member of the public who applies to it.

Instructors are to be appointed by every club, and they must satisfy the A.S.A. that they are efficient instructors.

Members of the public will apply to the club in their district, and each applicant will be allotted to an instructor at prescribed times.

Learners will not be considered taught until they can swim at least 25 yards.

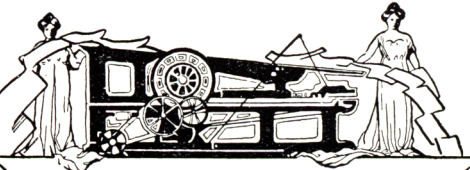
In the long run the swimming clubs are bound to benefit, for they will surely recruit many new members from those taught to swim.

Tattersall's Swimming Club, in common with all other clubs affiliated to the A.S.A., is prepared to carry out its obligations, and if there are any members of Tattersall's Club desirous of learning to swim they have only to make their wishes known to the Pool Attendant or Honorary Secretary, Tattersall's Amateur Swimming Club, and the necessary arrangements will be immediately made.

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How Science Aids Thoroughbred Breeding

Salient Points to Remember (Reprinted from "The Field")

It has been said that in the writing of books, two things are above all others essential—the one is to know when and where to leave off, and the other to be equally certain when and where to begin.

The same precept can apply to writing of articles, so that salient points should not all be dealt with at once, but, as far as possible, be taken serially. This is essential in dealing with scientific aids to thoroughbred breeding, of which three or four are of much importance to the breeder.

Firstly, there is dominant and recessive character; and ordinarily colour is considered as a character. This receives support in Mendel's Law of Heredity, which expounds that 50 per cent. of the hybrid's germ cells contain the dominant character, and 50 per cent. the recessive or shy character. And, further, that the recessive or shy character can be carried along for generations unseen, and all at once puts in its appearance. Of this, Diomed, the first winner of the Epsom Derby, 1780, becomes an early example. He was the only chestnut-coloured offspring of ten of his dam, who, like his sire, was dominant bay (see G.S.B. 1, page 196).

It is not an uncommon thing for a breeder to have sent his choicely-bred mare to an equally choicely-bred sire of dominant colour, to return the blood which he had in view in the hope of breeding say a stayer, and to his surprise a recessive chestnut appears.

So much prominence is accorded the sire and "tail-male" descent in connection with the thoroughbred, that colour, on first thought, may seem to be of little consequence, but as a matter of fact it is of considerable economic importance to the breeder. It, therefore, becomes necessary to understand coat colour inheritance.

To a large extent, the present comprehensive understanding of coat colour inheritance in horses is due

to W. S. Anderson, of Kentucky. His Ken. Research Bul. 180, is set out lucidly to give a lucid interval of thought with consequences which should be apparent to the thoughtful breeder. Shortly, chestnut is a recessive colour, and the mating of two recessive chestnuts will invariably produce chestnut. Thus the offspring of a chestnut sire and dam, as Doncaster, Bend'Or, Bona Vista, Cyllene, become natural recessives in succession. This also applies to Bend'Or, Kendal, Tredennis and Soldennis, so that scientifically it is obvious they cannot help being in succession by such matings.

Brown, bay and grey are dominant colours, and they play and have played (particularly grey since 1910) a very important part in the breeding of the thoroughbred. Much has been said lately of the "tail-male descents," which starts with Stockwell and includes Bend'Or.

Stockwell, however, was not a natural recessive, his dam, Pocahontas, being dominant bay. Pocahontas, as everyone knows, acquired the highest honours at the stud, but was an indifferent performer and a confirmed roarer. She was none the less an important daughter of Glencoe, chestnut, who won the Two Thousand Guineas, and, exported to America, was their leading sire. Is it not just possible that recessive Glencoe, through his daughter in tail-female descent, was as much responsible for Stockwell's influence on the breed while it lasted, some 20 years?

It may be here remarked that "tail-male descent" (which savours of commercialism when writing up stallions at the stud) does not have to enter into the deductions of cat-tlemen, who continue to pin their faith to "tail-female" descent.

However, be that as it may, the great Ormonde, dominant bay, 1883, was the first in order of date to break the natural succession from Doncaster. In support, Ormonde became a roarer, the which he in-

herited from Pocahontas in blending inheritance and female descent.

Polymelus, bay, 1902, was the next to break the Stockwell recessive descent. His breeding discloses three specialities. The first that he was a great sire, the second that his dam was nine years older than his recessive sire Cyllene, and the third (as knowing where to leave off) is deferred for comment under aid 2.

Sainfoin, it is submitted, is a definite illustration in blending inheritance in contrast to tail-male descent. By Springfield, bay, he was a great-grandson of Stockwell on both sides of his pedigree, yet, with such dual remarkableness in pedigree and sire, Sainfoin was not a stayer. Springfield as a three-year-old accomplished a succession of victories—nine in number—the like of which may be looked for in vain in the pages of Weatherby. He won 20 races in all, and easily accounted for Silvio, by Blair Athol, and seven others in the Champion Stakes. Sainfoin's third and fourth dams were winners of the Oaks, whereby he was effeminate in nature to limitations. Was he not soundly beaten into fourth place by St. Simon's daughter, Memoir, in the St. Leger? His son, Rock Sand, dominant brown, who won £45,618 in stakes, was a grandson of St. Simon, brown. And breeders might consider that a "super-prepotent" sire, as was St. Simon, is extremely rare.

Briefly, in closing, Stockwell recessive, was indebted to Touchstone and Melbourne dominant, for his best stock, naming The Marquis, Lord Lyon, Achievement, Blair Athol. Do we ever see Lord Lyon in tail-male pedigree descent?

As merely Nature's outcross for mares of his age or era, Stockwell's influence lasted just two decades when there arose another recessive in Hermit, who also held sway for 20 years, until Galopin's blood dominated, which it does to-day, in both

(Continued on Page 20.)

ASK FOR IT!

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Billiards and Snooker

Since last issue both the annual billiards and snooker tournaments have been completed.

A special table was erected in the main hall and the semi-finals and finals were played thereon.

It is pleasing to record that the 1938 events created much greater interest than for some time past,

A similar state of affairs obtained in the snooker section, when G. Chiene (60) met and defeated B. M. Levy (65).

In this contest the final was best two out of three, and the winner clinched matters by taking the first and second games. Rather sensationally, one might add, as the end

ended two of the most successful tournaments in recent years.

Last month it was stated on this page that Hans Robertson was favourite for State Championship honours. Unfortunately, it was not to be, and fellow members can only sympathise with Hans for defeat in the final. After establishing a big



Snapped just before the finals (left to right) Messrs. G. Chiene, Winner of the Snooker section; W. Hannan, Runner-up, Billiards, and L. Haigh, Billiards Winner. The games were closely contested as told in story this page.

and also that the ultimate winners were kept hard at it to keep in front—a tribute to the handicappers.

In the billiards final the contestants were W. Hannan (170) and L. Haigh (120). It was anyone's game right to the end. There was a period when Hannan lost complete touch and his opponent quickly put on 64 points while he stood still. But the winner was not as yet in evidence.

Finally game was called with the scores 250-238 in Haigh's favour, representing a finish close enough for the most exacting.

came per medium of caprice on the part of the black ball, which was anything but as intended.

Both cueists played solidly, and no quarter was given, although the friendliest atmosphere prevailed.

Chiene won the first game on the pink ball, but the second was in the lap of the gods until, as stated, the black ball found a new set of angles round the table which took it into one of the top pockets, to the great contentment of the striker.

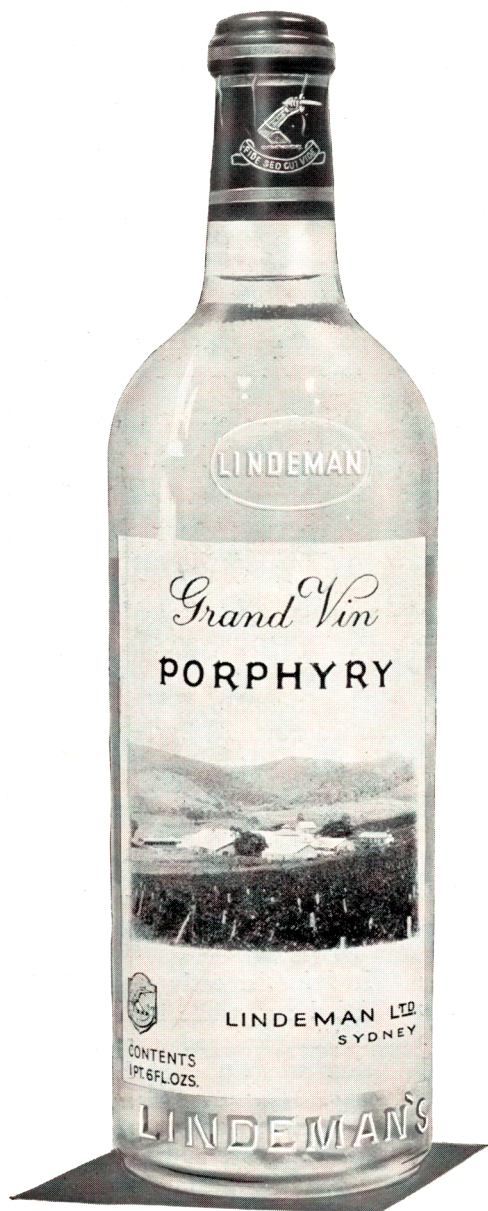
In the play-off for third prizes, C. E. Hall (95) won the billiards, and I. Green (60) the snooker. Thus

lead in the early stages, Robertson faded out, while his opponent, Jim Collins, enjoyed a remarkable session wherein everything went his way. Congratulations to the new champion, who is a player far above the ordinary, and a worthy successor, in the making, to Hayes, Shailer, Rumball, Belfield and Co., who blazed the trail before him. Colling is in his early twenties, and we can expect much better billiards from him than even now, despite his ability to run up two and three hundred breaks.

(Continued on page 20.)

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- **THAT** you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath. It's a cheap and pleasant method.
- **THAT** Duo - Therapy Treatment is now available to members in the Athletic Department.
- **THAT** you cannot find a more comfortable home than the Club when the family is away. Moderate rates, continuous service.

The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature

SERIES No. 27.



Bridge Street, Sydney

EARLY IMPORTANCE OF BRIDGE STREET

SINCE the earliest years of settlement in New South Wales, Bridge-street has occupied a position of importance. It came into being as a result of Phillip's building of the first bridge to be constructed in Australia, a rough wooden structure that was built over the Tank Stream close by its outlet into Sydney Cove. From a path winding down from what was later to become George-street, this historic thoroughfare developed into one of the "show" streets of Sydney during the middle portion of the last century. It was, during the first fifty years or so of its existence, one of the principal residential streets of Sydney. To-day, of course, it is given up to the housing of imposing blocks of offices and Government Offices. It is probable that Bridge-street contains more departmental buildings than any other Sydney street; the Lands Office, Public Instruction Department, Government Architect, and Public Works Department are a few.

IT was in Bridge-street, too, that the first Government House was built. An obelisk on the corner of Bridge and Phillip streets marks its original position. It was near this obelisk that one of the largest public meetings of protest against transportation was held. This was on June 11, 1849, when the convict ship, "Hashemy," lay at anchor in Sydney Harbour with a large number of convicts on board. Robert Campbell was elected to the chair and conducted the meeting, while Henry Parkes, G. A. Lloyd, Rev. Dr. Fullerton, and many other prominent citizens of the day spoke in bitter denunciation of the evils of the system of transportation.

IN J. Maclehoze's "Picture of Sydney in 1838" (the year in which the business of Tucker and Co. was established), we find the following description given of Bridge-street—"Bridge-street is so named from its being crossed by the bridge over the Tank Stream, about 120 feet to the eastward of the lower end of Queen's-place. This street nearly continues the line of Charlotte-place eastward as far as the south end of Macquarie-place, being upwards of 500 feet in length; but when the longitudinal streets on the east of George-street shall have been extended to Sydney Cove, and Bridge-street continued east till it intersects Macquarie-street, this street will be upwards of 1500 feet in length; and if the buildings then erected on each side be so designed and executed as to correspond with those at present reared, it will undoubtedly be the finest street in Sydney; it is also the principal entrance to the present Government House. The west corners of Bridge-street are terminated in a manner highly ornamental to this part of the town, as well as creditable to the architect. The north side is occupied by St. John's Tavern, where a Masonic Lodge is held. The Colonnade, on the east side of St. John's Tavern, is a handsome building, and a delightful residence. The footpath before the houses which compose the building is covered by a spacious balcony, on the top of which the inmates are enabled to enjoy the cool evening breeze without being subjected to the jostling of the street."

IT is of interest to note that, in 1837, George W. Evans (the surveyor of the Western Highway) lived in the Colonnade.

IT was in 1840 that preparations were commenced for the extension of Bridge-street to Macquarie-street, and several years were occupied in the work.

TUCKER & CO. LIMITED - - - - SYDNEY

"Greatest Ever"

You who play tennis, or follow tennis—if asked to name the greatest match of all, which would be your nomination? Here's the view of Ed. Sullivan, ace American sporting writer:—

There never will be a tennis match to equal that Wimbledon set last July of Budge and Von Cramm in the Davis Cup semi-finals. In the first two sets the German played magnificent tennis and how Budge ever tied it up at two sets apiece will forever be a mystery locked away in the redhead's heart. In the deciding set Von Cramm again got out in front and was leading, 4 games to 1, and once again Budge whipped his exhausted body to a frenzy of shots that dead-locked the set at five games all.

At that stage of the titanic struggle my nervous stomach was

turning over and doing somersaults, and even as I write this I can feel the same tightness in the pit of my stomach.

Budge finally won out, and we thirty Yankees stood and shrieked, and four American priests sitting a few rows behind us pounded each other on the back and joined hands and did a little war dance of their own.

If their parishioners had seen them at that moment the men of the cloth would have been completely unrecognisable.

I told all of these things to an Indian Chief and he listened gravely, but his eyes snapped and sparkled.

"The blood of great chiefs must run through Budge's veins," he said, and the way he said it was high praise.



GOLF CLUB NOTES

The last outing of the Golf Club was held at The Lakes Club, where a large attendance of players hit off.

The main attraction of the day was the John M. Dunningham Memorial Shield, a replica being given to the winner of each year's competition. J. L. Dixon was the winner of this coveted trophy with a net score of 70, with a 79 off the stick.

A Grade trophy was won by a newcomer, E. Roche, who played good golf to record a net 71.

B Grade trophy was won by J. P. (Pat) Crennan, with a net 75.

At the "Nineteenth" many gathered and toasted in bumpers The Lakes Golf Club for their generosity and hospitality for the use of their course during the afternoon.

Trophy winners and trophy donors fully deserved the complimentary remarks made about them.

The executive officers expressed their satisfaction with the attendances during the past months. They are working very hard to maintain popularity in the outings, and are looking forward with great hopes to records for attendances being broken in the near future.

SCIENCE AIDS THOROUGHbred BREEDING

(Continued from page 15.)

male and female descent. In support there is Son-in-Law, conspicuous as our most consistent sire. He can claim two strains of Blair Athol, but both in tail-female. Where else does Blair Athol, with all his chances, appear in present day pedigrees?

Do breeders study their pedigrees with sufficient care? Here is a thought in general, in conclusion: My Prince, bay, at so moderate a fee as to suggest being a neglected stallion, sired three winners of four Grand Nationals. His dam, a daughter of St. Simon, was seven years older than his sire recessive Marcovil. St. Simon's dam, also, was seven years older than his sire Galopin.

Ormonde, of the Agnes family, the building up of which was as much due to Birdcatcher, of St. Simon's "tap-root" family, his dam, Lily Agnes was seven years older than his recessive sire Bend'Or.

And Plucky Liege, also of the Agnes family, the dam of Bois Roussel, is an example up to date. She was fourteen years older than Bois Roussel's sire. And her dam, Concertina, by St. Simon, was seven years older than her sire Spearmint.

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

(Continued from page 17.)

Englishmen Quite Satisfied.

Australians can feel content with the manner in which English amateur champion sang our praises on his return home after suffering heavy defeat at the hands of Bobby Marshall in the Empire championship recently played in Melbourne. Kennerley declares his victor "much too good and a treat to watch." Pressed for something further, he stated: "Bobby is the greatest amateur ever, and I had no hope with him from the word go. All I want to say is that my treatment down under was far in excess of that anticipated, and on a par with Marshall's playing ability—and, that goes the limit."

It is gratifying to know that the Western Australian's success was so thoroughly well deserved. Incidentally, as these notes are being written, Marshall is again defending his Australian title in Brisbane.

Congratulations (or sympathies) to Hans Robertson, who was runner-up in the N.S.W. State snooker title event. A splendid performance, surely, and, whilst not being actual winner, Hans can reap solace in the fact that on three previous occasions in similar events he carried all before him.

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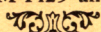


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Australian Jockey Club

SPRING MEETING, 1938

October 1, 3, 5 and 8

FIRST DAY

A.J.C. DERBY, of £5000 One Mile and a Half
EPSOM HANDICAP, of £2600 One Mile
SIR COLIN STEPHEN STAKES, of £1500 .. One Mile and a Half

SECOND DAY

BREEDERS' PLATE, of £1300 Five Furlongs
THE METROPOLITAN, of £5000 .. One Mile and Five Furlongs

THIRD DAY

CRAVEN PLATE, of £1500 One Mile and a Quarter
GIMCRACK STAKES, of £1300 Five Furlongs

FOURTH DAY

RANDWICK PLATE, of £1000 Two Miles

WARWICK FARM RACES

Saturday, October 22nd, 1938

Nominations for all events close on **MONDAY, 10th OCTOBER, 1938, at 4 p.m.**

6 Bligh Street, Sydney

Geo. T. Rowe, Secretary